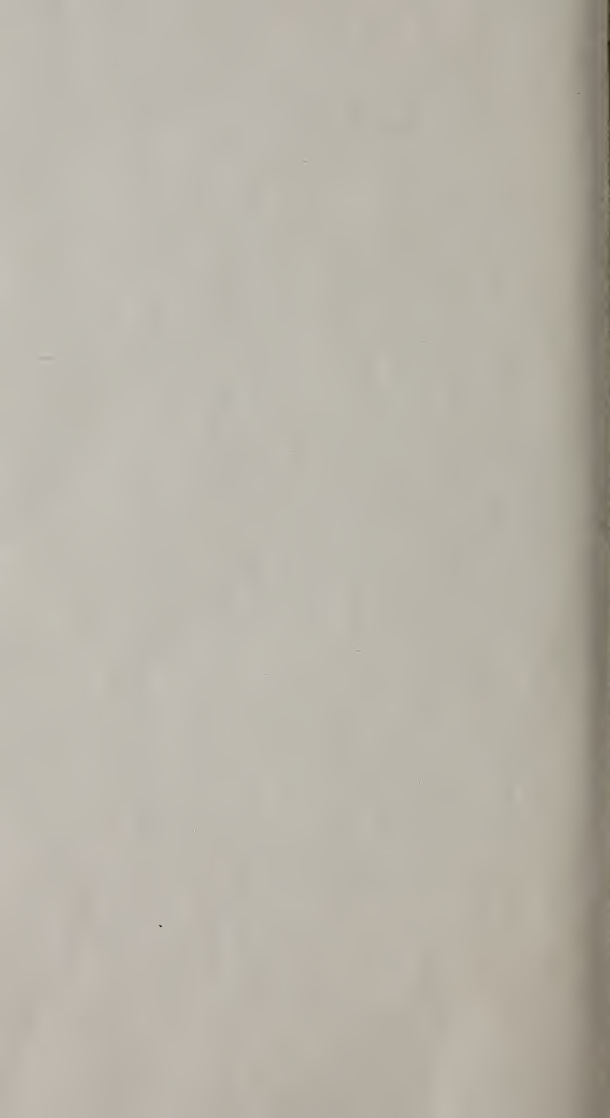






The bonny lass of Banaphie;

To which is added,

The Banks of Clyde.



STIRLING
Printed by W. Macrie.

1826.

The bonny lass of Banaphie

THE BONNY LASS OF BANAPHIE.

Once I loved a Lady fair,
She was a beauty I declare,
The only flower of the north country,
That bonny lass of Banaphie.

She being heiress of houses and land,
And I alone a poor farmer's son,
It was her birth and high degree,
That parted my true love and me.

I loved this lady in my heart,
Against our will it was to part,
For she adored me as her life,
In private we were man and wife.

Great Knights and Squires a courting came,
Unto this fair and courtly dame,
But all their offers proved in vain,
For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know,
How that I loved his daughter so,
He Judas like, betrayed me,
For keeping of her companie.

It was at Aulrain I was ta'en,
 A prisoner for Lady Jean;
 In fetters strong then I was ta'en,
 And carried into Aberdeen.

It's not their frowns that I do mind,
 Nor yet the way that I have to go,
 But love has pierced my tender heart,
 And alas! it's brought me very low.

I was embarked at the shore,
 Never to see my darling more;
 In Germany a soldier to be,
 All for the lass of Banaphie.

But when I was upon the seas,
 I ne'er could take one moment's ease,
 For she was daily in my mind,
 That bonny lass I left behind.

But when I arrived in foreign land,
 From my true love a letter came,
 With her respect in each degree,
 Sign'd by the lass of Banaphie.

The answer which to her I sent,
 It never to my true love went,

It was her cruel Father then,
Told her that I abroad was slain.

Which grieved this maiden's heart full sore,
To think that we should ne'er meet more,
This caus'd her weep most bitterly,
Those tidings from high Germany.

O daughter dear thy tears refrain,
To weep for him is all in vain,
I have a better match for thee,
To enjoy the lands of Banaphie.

He was the husband of my youth,
In pledge he had my faith and troth,
I made a vow I'll wed with none,
Since my true love is dead and gone.

On ev'ry finger she put a ring,
On her mid-finger she put three,
And she's away to high Germany,
In hopes her true love for to see.

O she's put on her robes of green,
Which was most lovely to be seen,
O had he been a crowned king,
This fair lady might been his queen.

But when she came to high Germany,
 By fortune there her love did see,
 Upon yon lofty rampart wall,
 As he was standing sentry.

O were my love in this country,
 O I could swear that you was she,
 For there's not a face in high Germany,
 So like the lass of Banaphie.

The first she met was a colonel then,
 And he address'd her most courteously,
 From whence she came and where she was born,
 Her name and from what country.

From fair Scotland she said I came,
 In hopes my true love for to see,
 But now I hear he's a Grenadier,
 Into your Lordship's company.

What's thy love's name thou comely dame,
 O lady fair come tell me then,
 For it's a pity thy love should be,
 In the fashion of a single man.

O William Graham is my love's name,
 All these hardships suffers for me,
 And if it costs me thousands ten,
 A single man no more he's be.

O lady fair come along with me,
 And thy true love thou soon shalt see,
 And for thy sake a vow I'll make,
 A single man no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was called then,
 His own true love once more to see,
 But when he saw her well far'd face,
 O the salt tears did blind his eye.

You're welcome here my dearest dear,
 You're thrice welcome here unto me,
 For there's not a face so full of grace,
 Not in the land of Germany.

With Lisses sweet those lovers did meet,
 Most joyful as we are told,
 She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace,
 To crimson scarlet trim'd with gold.

But when her cruel Father found,
 His daughter she abroad was gone,
 He sent a letter on express,
 'Twas to call these lovers home.

To him he gave a free discharge,
 All for the sake of Lady Jean.

But now we hear he's a wealthy squire,
 Into the shire of Aberdeen.

THE BANKS O' CLYDE.

Awa awa my Jamie's gane,
 Out owre the seas, far far frae hame,
 He's gane, and cross'd the ocean wide,
 And left the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Awa he's gane to fight his foe,
 And left me here in grief and woe;
 My love who led me by his side,
 Alang the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Oa Govan banks, whar Clyde doth flow,
 There ilka laddie arms his joe;
 While lanely I maun mourn and chide,
 Upon the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O, in the rosy month o' May,
 The lav'rocks rais'd its cheerfu' lay,
 The mavis sang, the blackbird vied,
 Around the bonny banks o' Clyde.

The gowans spread ilk flower sprang,
 My love as sweet's the day was lang,

My heart be gain'd to be his bride,
When walking on the banks o' Clyde.

O woe be to those wars in Spain,
They've ta'en frae me my darling swain,
And cross'd him owre the ocean wide,
Far frae the bonny banks o' Clyde.

O! if the high and heav'nly Pow'r,
Would shield my love in danger's hour,
And owre the seas him safely guide,
Back to the bonny banks o' Clyde.

Our parting day would ne'er be seen,
Until that death-struck in between,
Then a' our joys we'd lay aside,
And leave the bonny banks o' Clyde.

FIN.

